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M. D. MICHAEL
Third Avenue. Durant.

TWO MEN GRANTED BAIL
Oklahoma City, August 4.—The Criminal Court of Appeals granted a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Virgil Brawley and Henry Wilmoth, allowing them bail in the sum of \$10,000. They were held in connection with the killing of Hiram Straw at Idabel July 3. The application for habeas corpus was argued Thursday. The only other defendant in this case, J. M. Leggett, was denied bail on that date. In the examining trial at Idabel some time ago charges that had been filed against Claude Perham were dismissed.

GOOD OATS CROP
J. E. Jessorand living east of here, was telling of the yield of oats on his place. He rented a twenty-two acre field from J. E. York and this averaged forty-two and a half bushels to the acre. He also had ninety acres of his own, and this averaged thirty-eight bushels to the acre.

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TEXAS MOB BURNS NEGRO
Will Stanley, Alleged Slayer of Three Grimes Children, Burned to Death in Public Square.

Will Stanley, the negro arrested at Temple, Texas, on a charge of being the man who murdered the three Grimes children last Wednesday night, and at the same time beat the parents into insensibility, was taken from the justice court room at that place, just at midnight, and was burned on the public square in the presence of thousands of men and women who had thronged the streets awaiting the outcome of the prosecution of the alleged accomplice who had been brought from Rogers that night.

After the mob had taken Stanley from the Wilkerson building at midnight he was taken through the principal streets and to the public square by the shortest route, offering no assistance, and apparently cool. Reaching the square, the mob of 10,000 scattered over the large area and there were willing volunteers who gathered quickly goods boxes and other inflammable material from the alleys nearby from which a funeral pyre was quickly constructed and set ablaze.

Along the way the negro was kicked and cuffed, but through all maintained a stoicism and collected men. Before the pyre had gained much headway a citizen of Temple sprang to the front, and, confronting the negro, said: "Now, you know you are guilty; tell us who helped."

According to the man, the negro replied: "I know I am guilty as any of the rest, but I didn't do the killing. I held the horse while Sam Harris did the killing. We were hired to do it by a little, low, heavy-set white man who owns a dun horse and a good big buggy. Wait until tomorrow and I will take you to him and point him out, as I would know him anywhere."

Scarcely had these words been uttered when the citizen referred to jumped to the front, kicked back the fire, and called to the crowd to wait. Just then someone standing by shot the negro through the body, and this was a signal to pull his body through the searing flames. The negro met his fate without a murmur and the end came quickly. The flames mounting to a great height and produced a terrific heat. Aside from a few moans, faintly audible as the flames burned the flesh, the negro met his finish stoically. The crowd soon dispersed.

Much of the hue and clamor of the mob is attributed to non-residents, who came to town in large numbers during the afternoon and were foremost in demanding a sacrifice.

When the mob started off with Stanley the officers spirited away the other two accused negroes, Harris and Wells, and their whereabouts are known only to them.

BECKER ELECTROCUTED FOR MURDER OF H. ROSENTHAL

Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.—Charles Becker was put to death in the electric chair here Tuesday early in the morning for the killing of Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler. The former New York police lieutenant retained his composure and protested his innocence to the last. He went to his death with a photograph of his wife pinned to his shirt over his heart. Three checks were given before the prison physicians pronounced Becker dead at 15 o'clock. Becker led the way to his own execution. The condemned man sat up all night on the edge of his cot, calmly talking to Deputy Warden Charles H. Johnson.

"I have got to face it," said Becker, "and I am going to meet it quickly and without trouble to anyone."

The deputy warden left Becker about an hour before the time set for the execution, and when the two priests came to administer the last rites they found the man who was convicted of instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal sitting with his face resting on his hand and gazing at the floor. The priests remained with him until the end.

CONSOLIDATED BANK REPORT

Oklahoma City.—The consolidated report of the State banks for June the 23rd shows that the individual deposits are approximately \$3,000,000 more than at the same period a year ago. There are 557 banks now, as compared with 556 at the last report. The first increase in number for a year. Total resources are \$56,577,892.

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The Broken Coin

By EMERSON HOUGH
From the Scenario by Grace Cunard
A Story of Mystery and Adventure

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SYNOPSIS.
Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin. The mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Grethoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Grethoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT
CHAPTER XXV.
Divided.

As Kitty approached the little room of the count's palace—which before now had proved to be something of a storm center in the affairs of the Grethoffen coin—there came to her the conviction that there might be others beside herself who would have some inkling as to the whereabouts of the missing portion of the coin, and who might therefore arrive upon the scene at much the same time as that of her own visit. She was not altogether surprised at the sudden interruption of her labors, just at the moment of her success.

As she saw herself the object of a poised weapon, she swerved aside instinctively—called out instinctively for help.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed, for, womanlike, she had learned the value of a strong man's arm, and her first thought was of the faithful servant who so strangely had attached himself to her own varying fortunes. And Roleau came hastening from his watching place outside the door.

He saw the little room occupied by a man—who now suddenly had entered—and who menaced Kitty, so that, to save her life as she supposed, she was on the point of surrendering to him both pieces of the coin. The sight of his mistress in danger was enough for Roleau. With his customary battle cry he plunged immediately into the conflict, careless of the threatening weapon. In the melee the two half coins both were dropped upon the floor.

Even now the ruling impulse of Kitty did not quite forsake her. She stooped and regained one of the half coins, but the struggling men, shifting here and there in the room, kept her from securing the other. In the blind instinct for escape she fled now to the open hall, taking that direction which led back from the front of the building.

Roleau heard her pass, and could not join her in flight—but he heard her give a cry of alarm whose cause he could only guess. His energies were fully occupied by the combat with this



She Felt a Hard Hand Close Upon Her Mouth.

stranger—whom now he saw to be one of Count Sachio's men. He had noted him at the hunting lodge. He himself had not time to reason as to the presence of this new factor in the general imbroglio, but at last, able to bring his own weapons into play, he stayed the issue for a time. They both had time to recognize one another as they stood, the one as much baffled as the other, and neither quite comprehending what the other was doing here.

Very naturally the sounds of all this confusion could not be concealed. The scream of a woman had rung widely through the halls, and used as they were to extraordinary circumstances hereabouts, the servants could not fail to investigate the cause of this. They hastened in the direction of the uproar, but their advance was stayed by the command of the master of the palace himself.

The men in the room, as they

reached. For the time Kitty was of the belief that her senses must leave her forever. The sense of solitude was a poignant torture.

How long she had thus remained she could not tell, when at length the close-fitting door in one side of the four walls opened. An old woman came in, bringing some food for her. Kitty tried her in every language which she had ever known, but got no answer. The old woman shook her head, and after a time retreated silently as she had come.

Getting no answer to her appeal for help, Kitty sat down once more, fighting herself to retain her faculties, her calm, her poise. Escape? How could there be hope for that? For once she was at her wit's end as she looked about her. She sat moody and silent, too dazed, suffering too much, too uncertain in her own mind to plan intelligently any course of action. She was brought to herself somewhat by hearing the tinkle of some object on the floor at her feet.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tightly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from someone outside the room. It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans.

"Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coins and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will be badly."



An Old Woman Came In Bringing Some Food for Her.

These strange words suddenly brought Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederick's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederick's palace to this place—long or short whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what would have given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, hound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her just for an instant. Later she heard once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the window by someone having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she felt to work at the bars which had restrained her.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unconsciously abstracted but now, Count Frederick remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything else that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the royal palace.

Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seized the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself—

(Continued on Next Page)

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Counterfeit Coin.

Count Frederick finally aroused himself from the apathy of inaction in which Kitty's sudden disappearance